

Morning Telegram.

GRAND RAPIDS, JAN. 14, 1885.

MINOR MICHIGAN MATTERS.

Where, oh where are the Kalamazoo robbers? A jeweler in Bay City made an assignment on Monday.

A boy was drowned while skating on the ice at Muskegon, on Monday morning.

A. Sprague, of Hudson, clothing merchant, made an assignment on Monday.

Kalamazoo has fifteen cases of diphtheria now, but most of them are of a mild form.

Geo. Bergin, of East Saginaw, has paid \$10,000 for a tract of pine land in Wisconsin.

An Adrian woman by the name of Mrs. Simon Wiesinger died of dropsy last Saturday.

Kalamazoo must have little work for the doctors. Seven of them want to be jail physician.

The Farmers' Institute opened at Plymouth, Monday afternoon, with a large attendance.

It is reported that a great many citizens of Fort Gratiot are in favor of the proposed annexation to Port Huron.

It is said that the Democrats of Battle Creek are in favor of Charles E. Thomas for the position of postmaster.

Richard Loban, a prominent and wealthy pioneer of Vermilionville, was buried at that place on Monday afternoon.

The attendance at the meeting of the Lenawee county teachers' last Saturday was small, owing to the bad roads.

Farmers are running considerable wheat into market now in southern portions of the State, on account of a slight rise in prices.

The stock of R. E. Farnum, the jeweler, at Flint, who assigned some time ago, is to be offered for sale by the assignee at a sacrifice.

It is rumored that an insane woman who had escaped from the asylum at Kalamazoo was captured by two young men on the street.

The G. & L. railroad is getting ready to ship ice south from Cadillac. One hundred and twenty car-loads have already been ordered.

Dr. H. B. Hemenway, of Kalamazoo, has been appointed as division surgeon of the Michigan Central Railroad, from Ceresco to Lawton.

The annual winter meeting of the executive committee of the Michigan State Agricultural Society began Monday evening at Detroit.

The Big Rapids Industrial School is issuing a three-column paper in the interest of their institution. It is published at the office of the Pioneer.

The new chime-bells of St. Michael's Church at Monroe, were blessed by Bishop Borgess, assisted by Father Dempsey and the clergy of the city.

Spring came several days ago at Kalamazoo, heralded by the robin; and now summer is near, they claim the festive mosquito has made its appearance.

In the libel suit against W. M. Featherly, editor of the Lakeside Monitor, of An Arbor, Monday afternoon, the jury disagreed. The new trial is set for the 26th.

A man in Cheboygan is disposed to utilize saw-dust for domestic use. He has invented a self-feeding stove for burning this refuse for purposes of heating.

The general store at the Phoenix mine, at Hancock, kept by Geo. Kloesner & Co., was burned on Monday, involving a loss of about \$10,000, only partially insured.

It took one minute and fifty seconds to empty the Howell Union School building on Monday, the School Board ordering the trial to see what could be done in case of fire.

One of the public schools in Kalamazoo has blackboards painted green. If that idea prevails to a large extent the name of the boards will have to be changed we're thinking.

Peter McGuire, of Rosecommon, was instantly killed Monday by a log rolling over him at Blodgett & Byrne's camp, near that place. His remains will be taken to Ada, Mich., for interment.

The Rev. L. F. Newman, Secretary of the Detroit Y. M. C. A. and Acting Secretary of the State Y. M. C. A., will be in Kalamazoo some time this week to discuss the feasibility of having an association there.

Articles of incorporation of the Lapeere, L. A. & Co. Uniontown railroad company, capital stock \$1,000,000, in \$100 shares, were to be filed Tuesday morning in the office of the Secretary of State at Lansing.

Heart disease carried off very suddenly Mrs. John S. Mann, who lived a mile north of Ann Arbor. She was in good health all day Sunday, and dropped dead in the evening. A husband and five children mourn her loss.

Drilling at the test deep salt well, at Bay City, has been discontinued at a depth of 2,500 feet. The poles have been removed and to-morrow a pump will be placed in operation. The brine still overflows the top of the well. Its strength is 105 per cent.

Charles Grant, a native of Massachusetts, born in 1794, a soldier of the war of 1812, a pioneer in Michigan, a resident of Clinton County for forty-seven years, a mechanic and farmer by occupation, a Republican in politics, died at his home in Bengal Sunday night, aged, honored and respected.

Augustus M. Leggett, of Detroit, died on Monday night. He came to Michigan from Roslyn, Long Island, thirty years ago, and settled in Oakton county, where he purchased a large farm and a grist and sawmill, the latter being known as the Clinton mills. He removed to Detroit twenty years ago.

Towerman Richard Rieding, who took a portion of the electric current on the Cass park tower at Detroit at 11 o'clock Sunday night, recovered sufficiently to resume work Monday night. It is reported that he had a narrow and miraculous escape. There must have been only a partial current on at the time.

The entire jury in the Bohemian suit trial, the People (for J. M. O'Connell) vs. Smith, editor of the Milan Leader, for slander, have signed a paper stating that they regard J. M. O'Connell to be a straight forward man in his business, and that their failure to agree in the case had no bearing on his character or business.

Richard Foley, of Essex, who was arrested last Saturday on complaint of Capt. Card, of the Salvation Army, on the charge of assault and battery, appeared to-day before the Army at their barracks, at St. Johns, apologized and asked their forgiveness, and after receiving a few words of admonition from Justice Adams was discharged on payment of costs.

Employees of Collins' mill, Mecosta, raised \$50 for William Walker, a fellow workman who had met with an accident. This is the third purse given to unfortunate fellow-workmen by the employees at the Collins mill. The comparatively few very poor are usually much more generous to each other than those in much better circumstances.

The annual meeting of the Northeastern District Bookkeepers' Association will be held at Vassar, on Wednesday, Feb. 4, commencing at 10 o'clock a. m., and continuing during the afternoon and evening. The Tuscola County Bookkeepers' Society, which holds its meeting in March, will then convene at Vassar with the regular meeting and hold it with the district society.

During Joe Murphy's performance at Monroe on Saturday evening, the sight of smoke and the smell of burning wood coming from behind the curtain excited a panic in the audience. Murphy's presence of mind in promptly stopping before the curtain and explaining that the cause of the alarm was simply the starting of the fire in the forge for the smithy scene, averted what threatened to be a serious calamity. Several women fainted but no one was hurt.

AN EARTHQUAKE SHOCK

(Continued from Monday's Edition.)

An old-fashioned diving bell, weighing over nine hundred pounds, which had been left on a small island in the harbor, was picked up by the wind, or some power, and carried bodily across the water to the mainland. Stone houses, in some instances, were blown down and scattered, stone by stone, until nothing remained to mark their sites but the foundation walls, and yet within a few feet of the stone houses were left standing entire. On the island of St. John, a few miles to the southward, I noticed in the roof of a house holes made by pots and oblong stones, weighing thirty or forty pounds, which had been picked up by the wind and hurled through the air, and to convince me of the fact, I saw the rocks flying from the attic floor. Shingles and tiles from the roof of houses were driven into the trees as if shot from guns. During the gale the air was filled with a salt spray that penetrated the inner recesses of houses far up on the hills.

After finishing our mission we returned to Santa Cruz only to be ordered back in a couple of weeks. At this time the government was meditating the purchase of these Danish Islands, and the commissioners who had been "viewing the landscape over," about St. Thomas, were desirous of leaving that pestiferous "Isle of the Winds," and the faster one, of which they had many good reports. Consequently we were detailed to carry them over to Fredericksstadt, which we accomplished on the 17th of November. We anchored in the open roadstead which serves as a harbor to this town, about half a mile from the wharf. The weather was warm, but not remarkably so for the tropics, the thermometer ranging during the day in the eighties, touching the nineties in the middle of the day perhaps. The sky, we remembered by the light of after events, was a coppery blue.

A gale of wind attracted our attention until three o'clock in the afternoon of the 18th of November, when our vessel began to quiver and rock as if a mighty giant had laid hold of her and was trying to loosen every timber in her frame. Officers and men ran pell-mell on deck to ascertain the cause of such phenomenon. The vibrations continued the space of perhaps a minute, accompanied by a buzzing noise somewhat like the draft of a snuffing furnace, or the hum of innumerable swarms of bees. So certain were we that the cause was caused some way with the ship that no one cast an eye on shore. Various suggestions were made by old and young.

"Blowing down the boilers!" said one. There being no fires under the boilers, such a solution was impossible.

"A drum-fish fastened to the vessel's bottom," suggested another.

"It's an earthquake, sir! look ashore!" shouted from the bow an old blue jacket, who had felt the peculiar sensation before. I looked toward Fredericksstadt and saw a dusty hazy atmosphere over the town.

I saw men, women and children running hither and thither, and could catch faint cries of distress. Noticing that a part of the stone tower of the English Church had fallen, I surmised great damage had been done to the dwellings, and was expecting to hear our boats called away to render assistance to the inhabitants. Full five minutes had elapsed since the shock, when I heard a peculiar grating noise, and looking over the bow I found the chain sawing on the cut-water, and as fast as a harp-string, full ten fathoms of it being out of water. On reporting the fact, the warp from the quarter winch was used to swing the ship broadside to the land-breeze, was let go, when we found we were dragging anchor very rapidly, because of the powerful currents, the first effect of the shock. Orders were immediately given to "veer" chain; the executive officer ordered the "cable" to be cut. A sailor seized the ax and delivered a stroke or two, when the tremendous strain broke them, and with the leap of a huge serpent the iron cable ran out the hawse-pipe with continually increasing velocity, swaying and leaping in its career, defying the power of the men at the compressor with their powerful lever to stop it; on and on it dashed, making the vessel's bow rise and fall as it increased in momentum, marking its erratic course with a streak of fire, until coming to the end there was a perceptible rising of the deck, a tremendous jerk and the heavy four-ton anchor bolt riveted in a solid oak beam was torn out and the last links connecting the vessel to the anchor went flourishing and wringing overboard with the rest. The last couple of coils swept the decks thoroughly under the top-gallant jibs, rolling, upsetting and quaking the carpenter's bench and grinders, and whipping up the ladder, making it execute a back somersault in the air. We were now adrift at the mercy of the currents.

An effort was made to man the starboard compass so as to check the other anchor when let go; but the men had come on deck and were standing passive-looking, gazing at the terrible appearance of the sea. A heavy rain fell from the northern point of the island where but a few minutes before were several fathoms of water. Our vessel advanced toward and receded from the shore with the waters until, as if some great power had raised by the bottom of the bay, the sea rapidly closed in on the town, filling the houses and covering the street running along the beach to the depth of twenty-four feet. Our ship, following the current, took a course toward the southern end of the town, until over the edge of the street it swung her bow toward the north and was carried along, smashing a frame store-house, and breaking down a row of shade-trees. During this maneuver an effort was made to hoist the jib in the hope of catching a breeze; but as the town lay in the way, the men were unable to do so. The men were in a state of confusion, and the man using the jib rigger was a couple of feet in the air, when his trembling hand dropped it overboard. A dozen or more brave ones rushed up the rigging nearly to the top, when catching a view of the angry and turbulent sea they stopped, trembling in the presence of the mighty power that was abroad, and retreated to the deck. Again were the jib hammers named, in the hope of tearing the sails from its cover. The men would tug at the rope with frantic efforts for a moment, then turn for a glance at the threatening sea, and the rope would drop from their hands. At this time the rain of water was toward the ocean. We were carried out perhaps five hundred yards from the shore, when our vessel grounded and a water containing its retreat, came over on her port beam's end. The bottom of the vessel was now visible, nearly bare, for a space of nearly half a mile beyond us, and this immense body of water which had covered the bay and part of the town was re-forming with the whole Atlantic Ocean as an ally, for a tremendous charge on us and the shore. This was the supreme moment of the catastrophe, as far as the eye could reach to the north and to the south was a high discoloring wall of green water. It seemed to pause for a moment as if marshaling its strength, and then on it came in a majestic unbroken column, more awe-inspiring than an army with banners. The stupor was terrible! Our noble vessel seemed as a tiny ant-hill to withstand the shock of the mighty rushing Niagara that was advancing upon us. Many a hasty prayer was muttered lips unaccustomed to devotion. All expected to be engulfed, and but few had any hope of surviving. We all seized hold of some stationary object with the intent of preventing ourselves from being washed overboard. "Hold fast!" was the cry, as the tidal-wave struck the ship with gigantic force, making every timber shiver. Yet, singular enough, not a drop of water touched our decks. Being rather late in the afternoon, the first effect of the blow was to send her over on her starboard beam's end, which gave her water an opportunity of getting well under her before righting, when she was buoyed to the crest of the wave and carried broadside to the shore, finally landing on the edge of the street in a cradle of

rocks that seemed prepared for her reception. Here she rested with her decks inclined at an angle of fifteen degrees. A small Spanish brig was carried bodily inland across the cane-fields and landed in the king's highway. The waters again retreated and assumed such a threatening appearance, that our commander, fearing another tidal wave (which would have dashed us against the stone houses or the walls of a Danish fort just ahead of us) gave the order, "Every man save himself!" In an instant ropes were thrown over the sides and the crew began sliding down them like spiders and making for the hills in the rear of the town. Seizing one of the fore-trail sails I flung it over the side, securing the part even with the deck to a cleat; after the few men who still remained forward had descended on my rope and I had cast a glance seaward to calculate the chances of getting clear of the ship's bottom before the sea struck her again, I swung to it and descended so rapidly that my hands paid a severe penalty, the rope cutting the flesh nearly to the bone.

Upon striking the ground, I immediately cut round the corner of the street leading to the nearest hill. Like Lot, I looked not back, but made the best time possible, soon overtaking a squad of our men that had preceded him. On arriving at the first cross street we were beset by a rush of water that had not yet reached the shore, seeking its way back to the sea. We were soon in water waist-deep, contending with a strong current as best we could. The situation was not so critical, however, as to prevent us from noting some comical incidents. This water bore on its surface all manner of debris which it had gathered from the yards and houses in its course—chairs, cradles, bedsteads, broken fences and doors, together with flocks of ducks and geese quacking and gabbling, utterly bewildered by the sudden rise of their natural element.

We blundered and stumbled along, making a haste for the sea which would overtake us. A marine secured a horse that had been abandoned by its owner and mounting rode to the rescue of a negro girl who was clinging to a fence. Seating her in front of him, he steered his bark again for the hills with two or three blue jackets towing astern, hazing to the horse's side. But when the horse stumbled over some obstacle and tossed both marine and girl far over his head into the muddy depths. No injury resulting, we all arrived safely at the foot of the hill of refuge. Here was a scene never to be forgotten. Whites and blacks were collected in groups, praying, crying and wringing their hands; some counting their beads, and some on their knees reading aloud from their prayer-books. One old negro, with an open family Bible in his hand was going about prophesying. "Bredren dis is nothin to it will be in '72. Den you will cry for de hills and de mountains to fall on you and hide you," which gave courage to many of us, as did not feel quite sure the hills and mountains were not about to fall on us without a special invitation.

Many incidents of interest I might chronicle, that occurred aboard our vessel during the interval between the shock and her final landing on the shore. When our apparently hopeless situation began to be realized by all of us, it was curious to mark the manner in which it affected different individuals. Our chief boatswain's mate stood unmoved at his post, whilst the hands never forgetting to pipe "haul away," or "belly," which was appropriate, and if I remember correctly, his whistle piped the men over the side when the order "every man save himself" was announced. Some were heard to remark, "We are all lost, but we must do the best we can," and worked with a will. One man ran about the decks, exclaiming in the face of the officers, "My God! we are all lost!" Two prisoners in double irons hobbled on deck from their prison below, and begged, for God's sake, to have their irons removed, that they might have an equal chance for their lives with the rest of us. The master-at-arms was without his keys to unlock their shackles. He had given them to the ship's corporal, who was on shore. No time was to be lost, so I ordered their chains to be cut.

[To be Continued.]

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OLD NEWSPAPERS FOR SALE—A LARGE number of uncut editions of this office will be sold at 15 cents per hundred.

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We have used Van's Magic Oil for internal and external applications, in cases of Colds, Coughs, Cuts, Burns, Bruises, etc., and find it more effective than any other remedy we have used. It is especially adapted to children, as it can be used with safety and satisfaction, and we warmly recommend it to parents.

Muskegon, Sept. 25, 1884.

J. W. EDDY.

I have used Van's Magic Oil for Neuralgia, and it has proved to be satisfactory, as it has cured me entirely, also our next door neighbor was cured by it. I would like to see a severe Cough and Sore Throat, combined with a severe Cough and Sore Throat, cured by it. I can never say too much in praise of Van's Magic Oil.

Grand Haven, April 25, 1884.

JACOB DISFELD.

We have used your Magic Oil for several years, and would not like to be without it, as it is a good family medicine, and cures Cuts, Burns, Sore Throat, Colds, etc., hence I truly recommend it to the public.

REY. E. VANIERHUES.

Petersen, N. J., Feb. 11, 1884.

Muskegon, Mich.

Mr. N. G. VANDERBEEK—We have used your Magic Oil for several years, and would not like to be without it, as it is a good family medicine, and cures Cuts, Burns, Sore Throat, Colds, etc., hence I truly recommend it to the public.

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